



ALL NEW

The **FLINTSTONES'** NEIGHBORS



NO. 8
JUL.
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74/CDC

UK
6p

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

a Hanna-Barbera
Production



000006

Barney & Betty RUBBLE

TONE-DEAF

AHHHHH

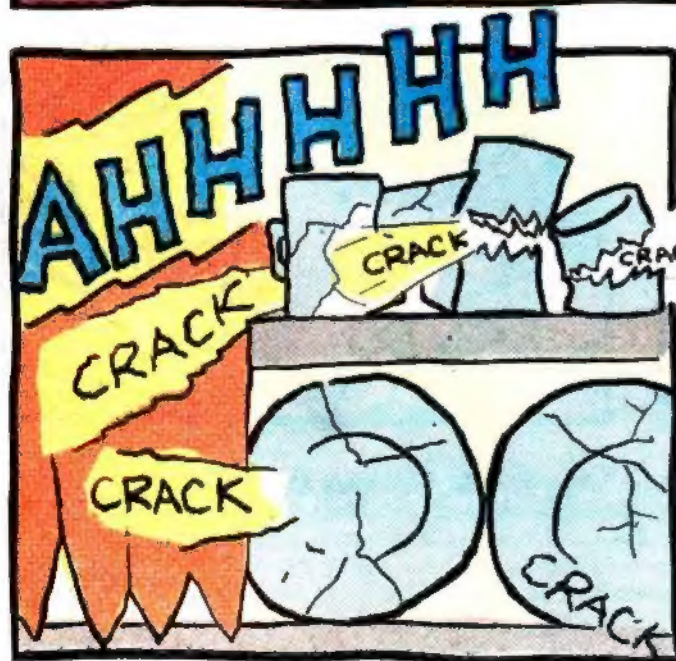
OH, NO...
THEY'RE AT
IT AGAIN...

HOLD
YOUR
EARS.

D-5925



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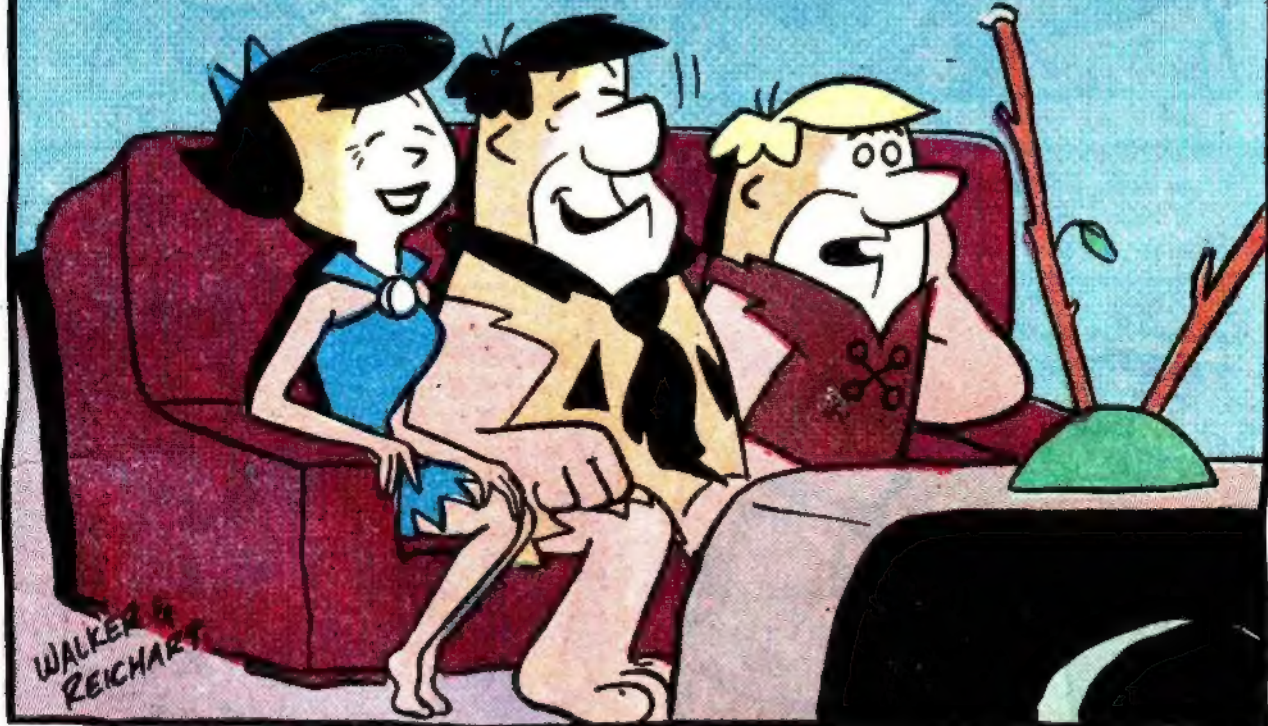
Barney & Betty Rubble

in FUNNY MAN

HA HA... THESE T.V.
COMEDIANS SURE
ARE FUNNY...

YEAH, HEH, HEH, THEY
COME UP WITH SOME
REALLY CLEVER GAGS!

AW, I
BET I COULD
BE JUST AS
FUNNY...AS
THEY ARE!



AW, C'MON,
BARNEY, YOU'RE
NO COMEDIAN...

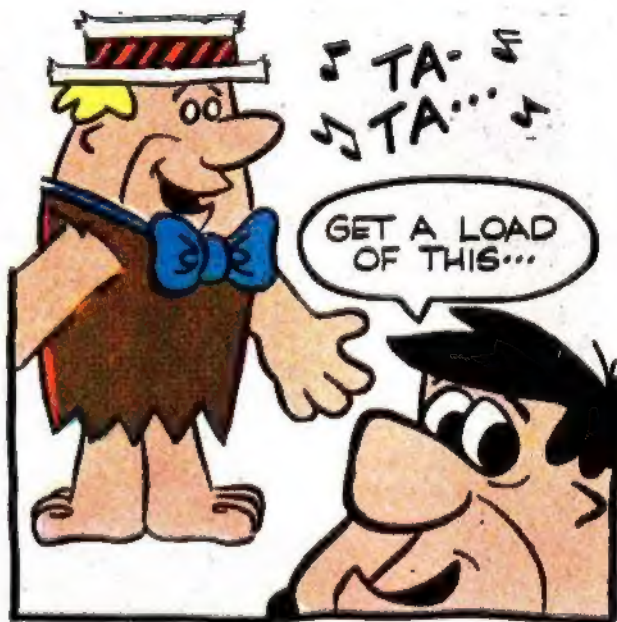
WHY, I HAVE
A NATURAL
TALENT FOR
COMEDY...



HAW HAW...
NOW **THAT'S**
FUNNY...

LET ME GET
SOME GAGS TO-
GETHER AND
I'LL **PROVE**
IT!







A FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME AS I **LOAFED** OUTSIDE THE **COOKIE** FACTORY, A COP NAMED **BAKER** ARRESTED ME FOR **ROLLING** A BUM FOR SOME **BREAD...** WHEN HE ASKED ME WHY I DID IT, I TOLD HIM I **KNEADED** THE **DOUGH...**

HAW HAW HAW HAW

DID YA HEAR THE ONE... ABOUT...

HOO-BOY! WE GOTTA SHUT HIM UP!

BUT HOW?

I'VE GOT **JUST** THE THING!

OOF!
FRED!
TAKE IT EASY, BARN!
AARGH!
OOF!

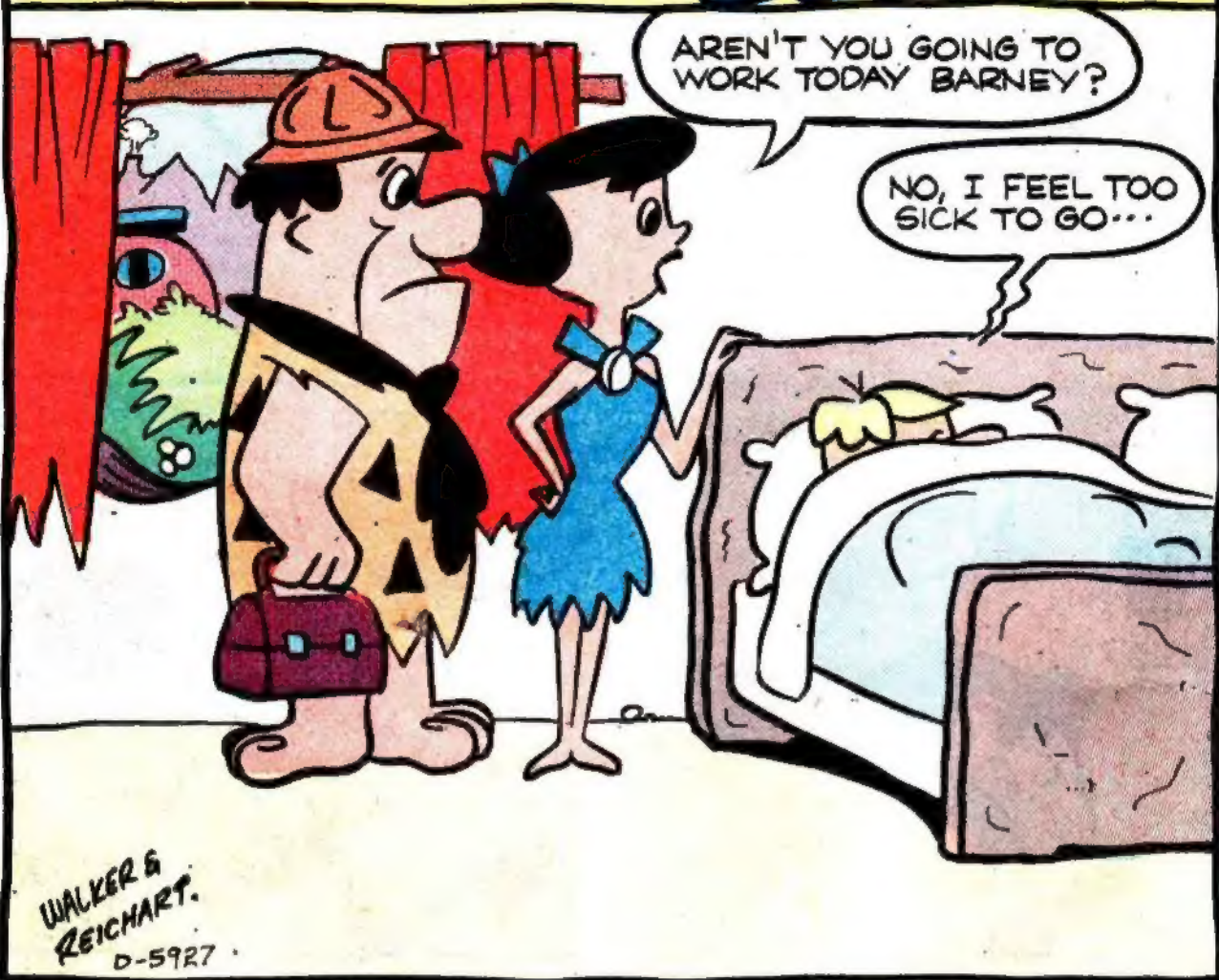
OH MY!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GOOD GAG!

END.

Barney & Betty in RUBBLE

SICK LEAVE





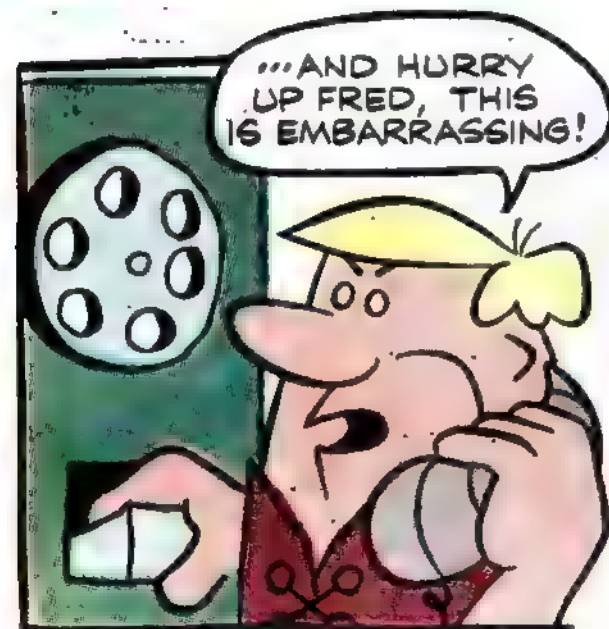
THANK YOU,
OPERATOR...
GOOD-BYE!

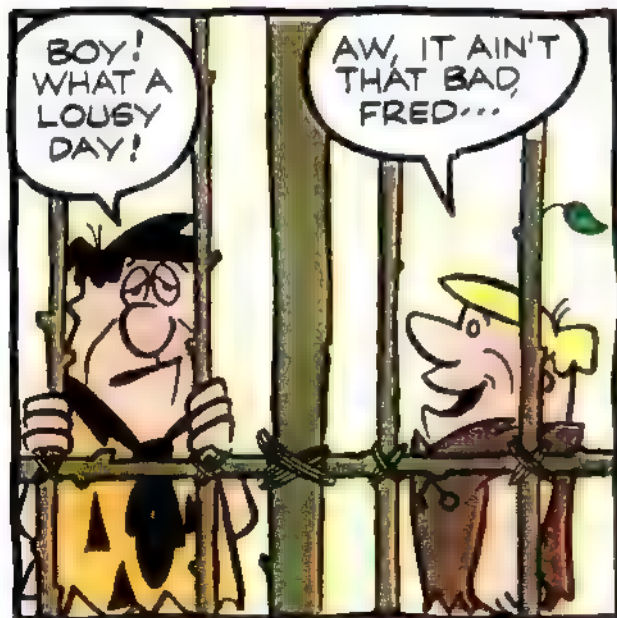
TELEPHONE

WALKER &
RICHMAN

NOW I'LL JUST GET MY
DIME BACK... HA, THERE
IT IS!

UNH... HEY!
MY FINGER'S
CAUGHT!





BONERS, Moaners and GROANERS

For more than thirty years, I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I, also, have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle, or find something that the teacher doesn't know. How happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

Our new principal, Dr. Herman Lusser, required that every teacher prepare a set of questions to be given as a final examination. He checked through my questions and then gave his o.k. to it. These I had mimeographed, and one June day I gave my class this final examination. Tommy Herlowe sat in the fifth seat in the second row on that day. He would look at the examination paper, then at his answer paper, and laughter came from his lips. I was very much annoyed. When the class had been dismissed, I kept him in and spoke to him.

"Did you think my questions were funny?" I wanted to know.

"They were very good," he informed me. "I didn't know the answers. They were funny. That's why I laughed."

He just passed that examination with a mark of 65%.

There are times when the kids will repeat over and over again what seems to us to be sheer nonsense. But they enjoy doing it. For example, one day while on yard duty the kids were all saying: "Nifty - bitty - hiffy - he seems to be so shiffy." I did the best I could to get one boy to explain it to me. But he snapped back at me, "You mean you don't know it?"

On another occasion, they all were saying this one: "Sixty seconds make a minute. Sixty minutes make an hour. Twenty-four hours make a day. Three hundred and sixty-five days make a regular year. One hundred years make a century. Can you live that long?" One girl asked me what a lot of centuries makes. So I told her about the word aeon. Two days later, they repeated it all during the play time in the yard. But this is what they added:

"A lot of centuries make an aeon. Teacher says so. But we won't be around to find out if he is right or wrong. Anyway that is very long."

One day, our kindergarten teacher had to leave for an hour on some kind of an emergency. So I was asked to send my brightest girl to sort of "keep order." Elaine went there and then came back when the kindergarten teacher returned.

"How were the little ones in kindergarten?" I asked.

"Still there," was her two word reply. And you know something? The more I thought about it, the more I concluded she was right in her answer to my question. This next one is really for our post office big shots. When they introduced the zone numbers, we teachers were called to a special conference after school by our principal. A man from the post office spoke to us and gave each teacher a zone sheet. Then the principal gave the orders.

"Next to the address of each pupil in your roll book, write the zone number. Then devote one hour, if necessary, to be certain that each student knows his zone number."

This I did, and I was almost blue in the face when I finished. Two days later, little Peter didn't return for his afternoon class. His mother was worried and came to school. He hadn't even gone home for lunch. So the principal called the police precinct, and by two thirty an officer came with little Peter in tow.

"What a headache he gave us," sighed the police officer. "But I will admit he is a nice and polite kid. He couldn't remember his own name, on what street he lived, nor even the number of the house in which he lived. All he kept repeating over and over was his zone number: 10458 ... 10458 ... 10458."

O.k. Anyway, Peter got back to normal before he left school with his mother. But I'll never forget what he said to me.

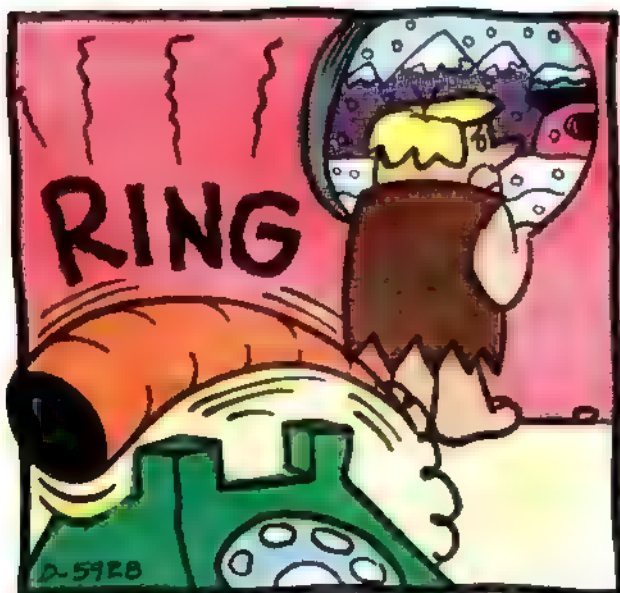
"Gee, I think I forgot my zone number. What is it? Is it 45801 or 10584?"

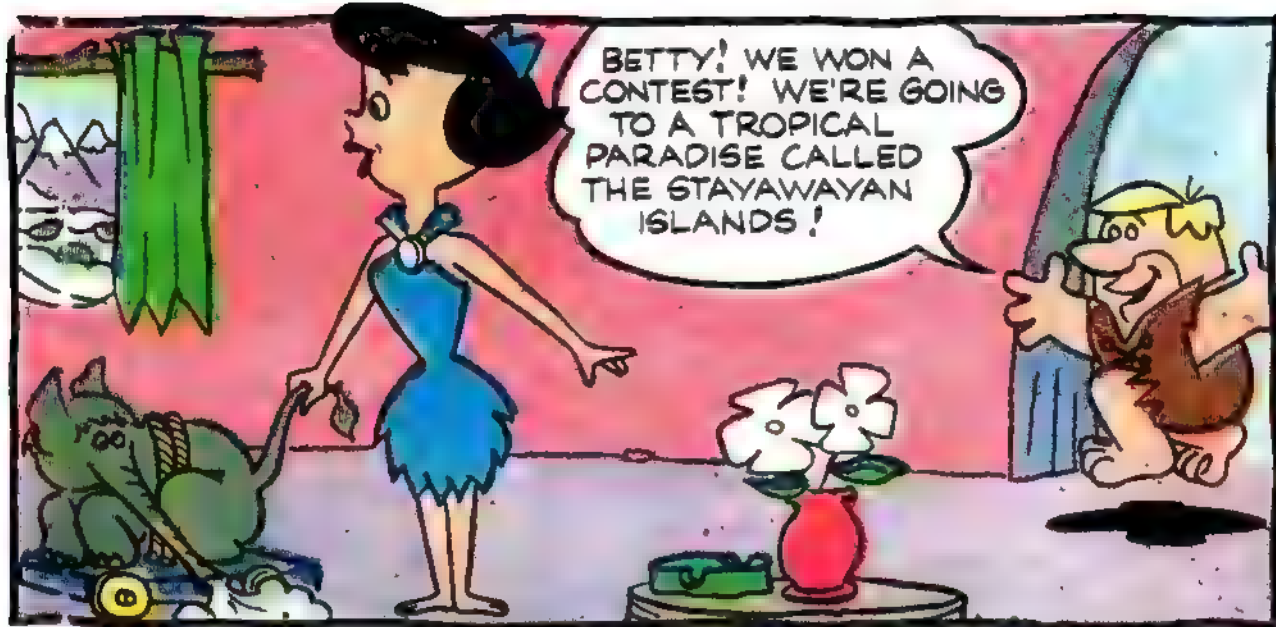
Anyway, I guess I was sort of lucky because the principal didn't send for me or scold me in any way whatsoever. Maybe I did a good job on teaching the zone number, at that. More next time about what happens in a school and especially in my class.

Barney & Betty

RUBBLE

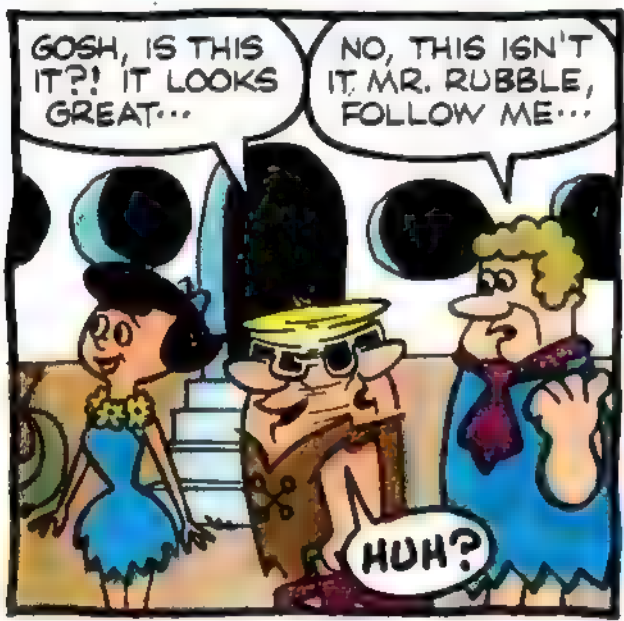
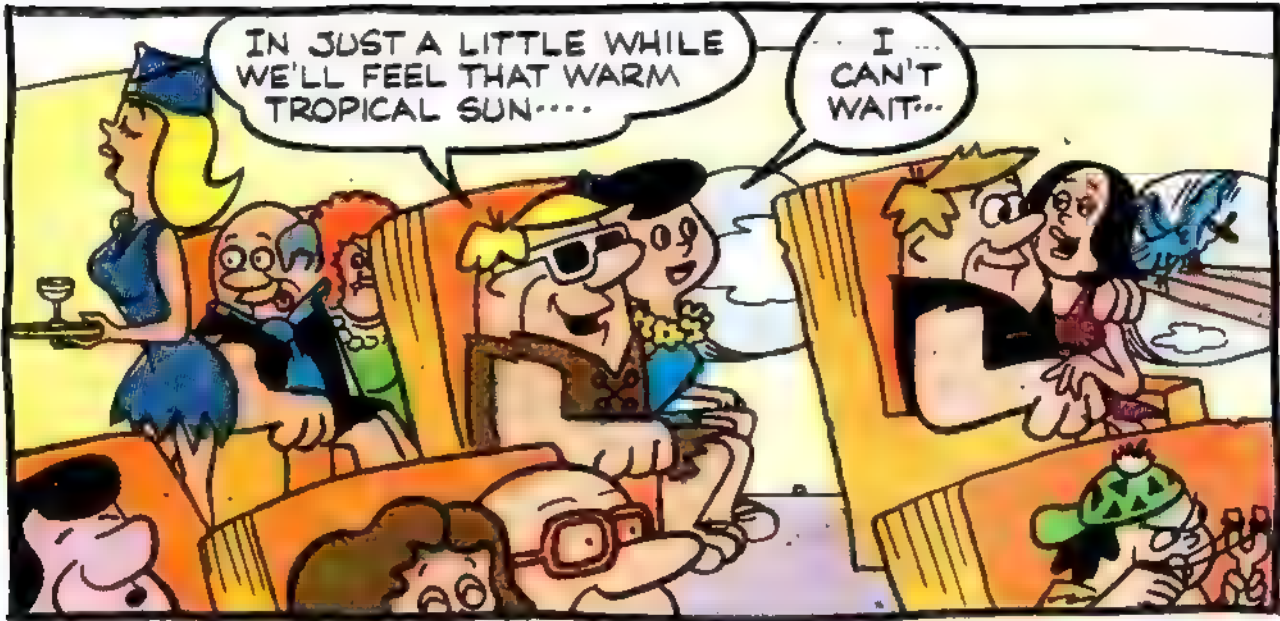
in TRAVEL TROUBLE

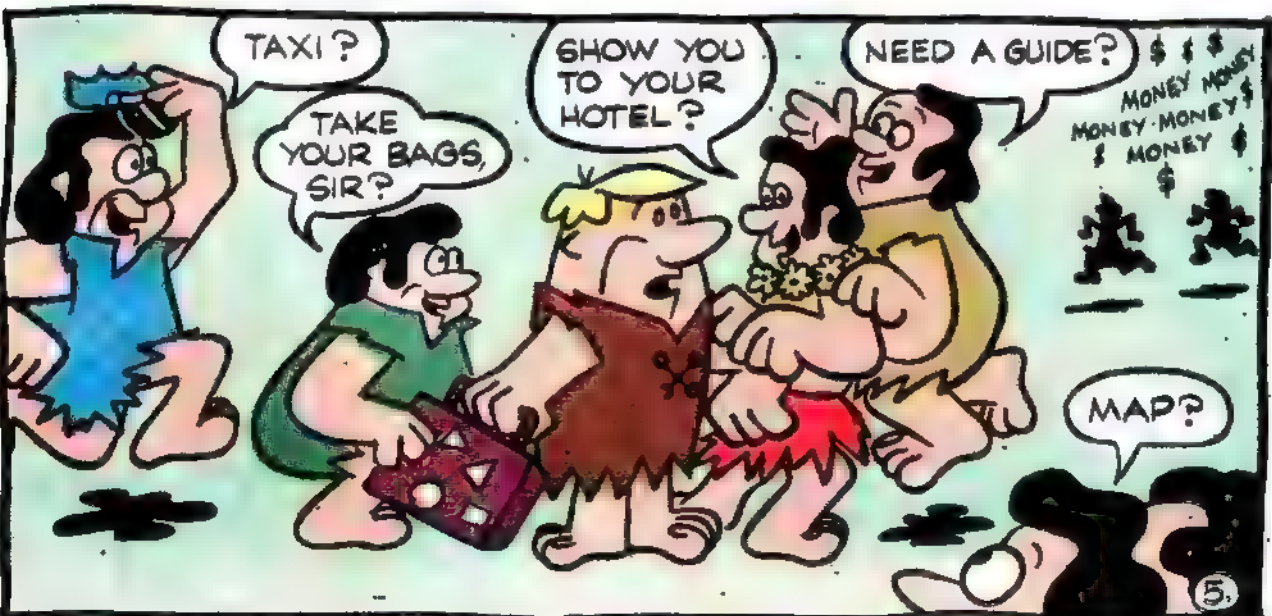
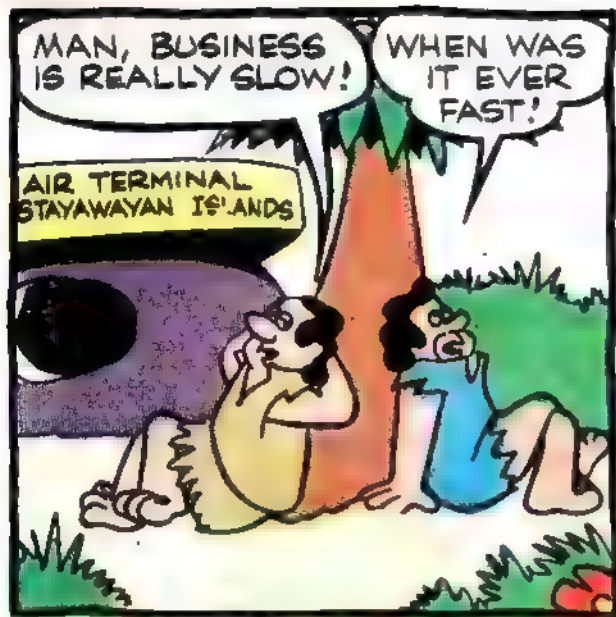


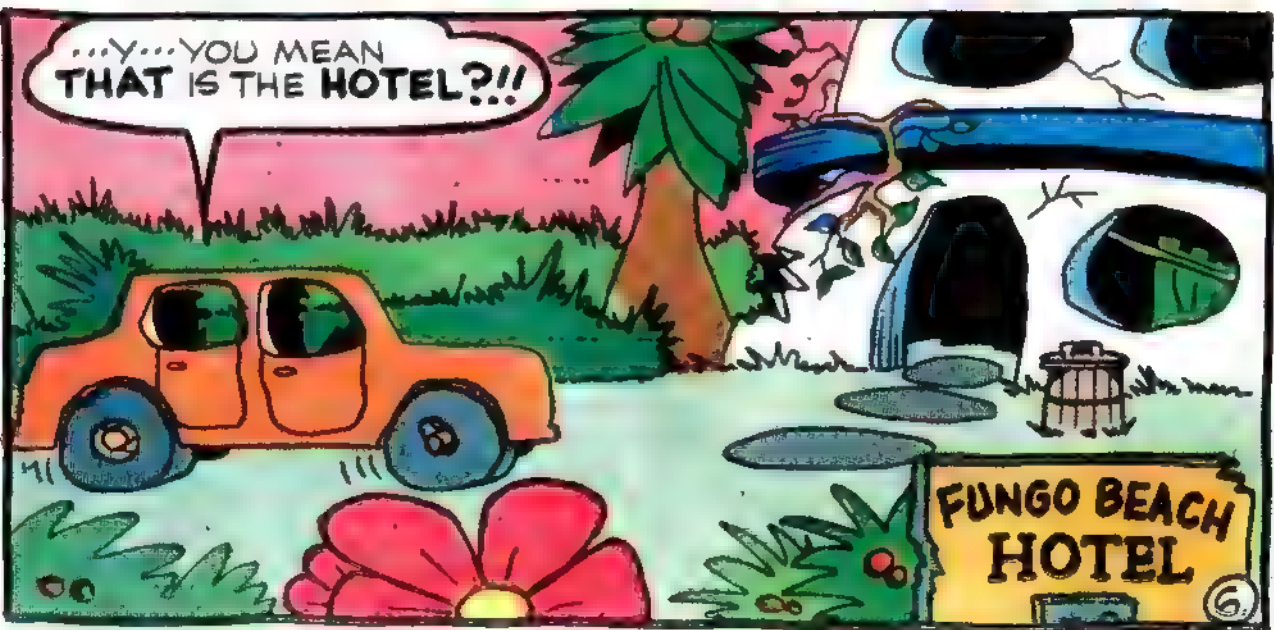


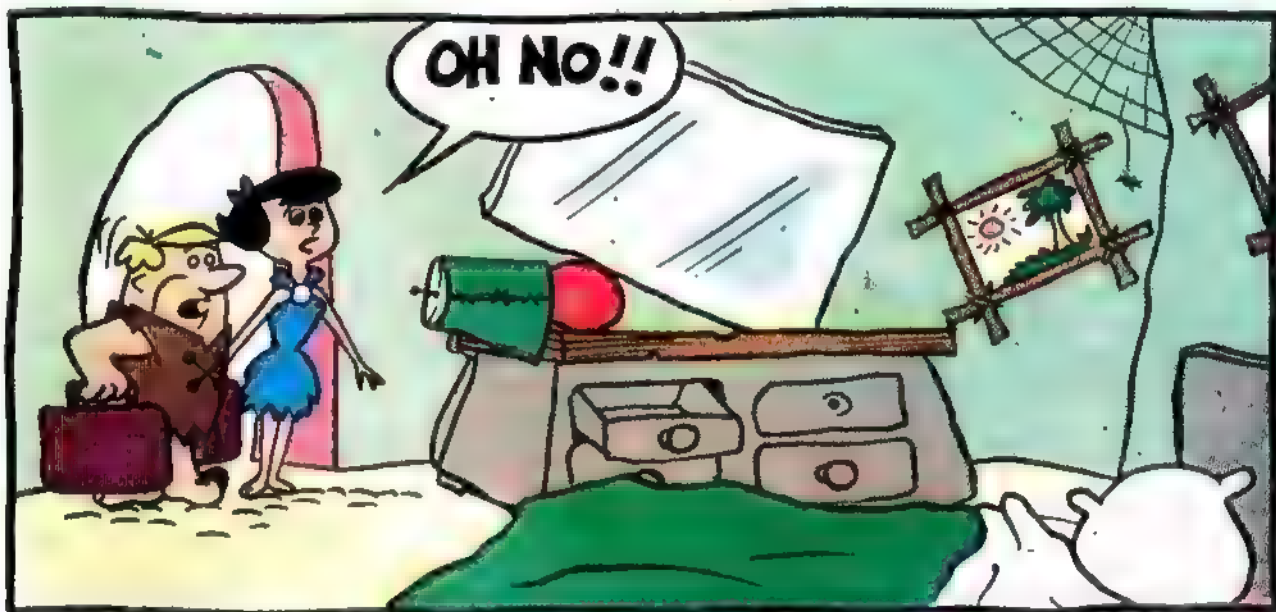


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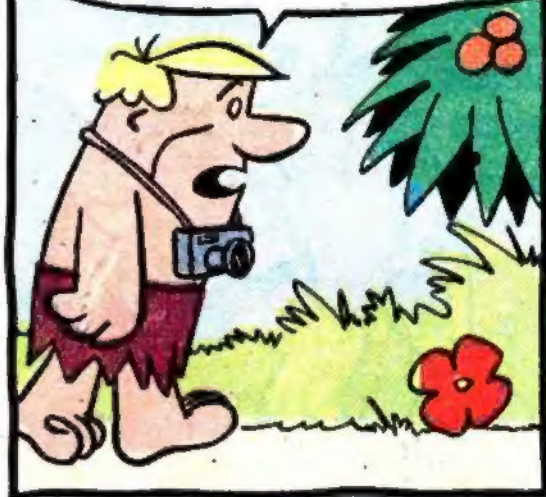




THE AIR CONDITIONER DOESN'T
WORK EITHER, BARNEY... WHY
DON'T YOU CALL THE MAID -
I'M GOING SWIMMING...



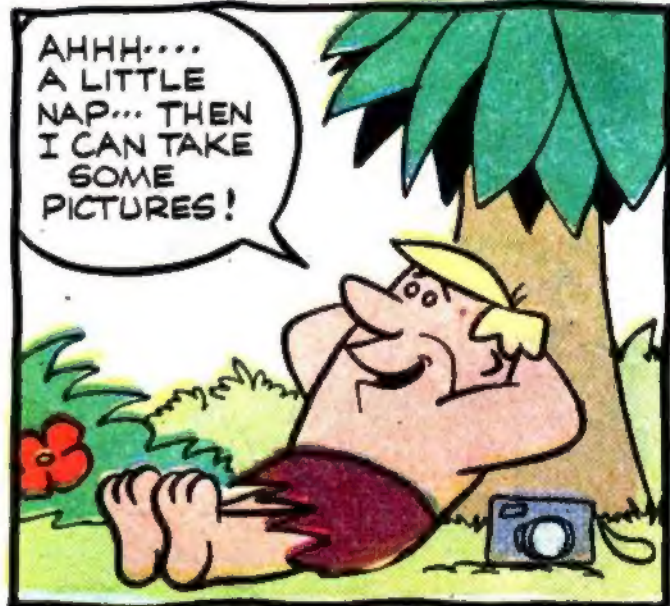
BOY! I HAD TO TIP THE
MAID ANOTHER TEN BUCKS!



HERE'S A
SHADY PALM
TREE... I
CAN COOL
OFF UNDER!



AHHH...
A LITTLE
NAP... THEN
I CAN TAKE
SOME
PICTURES!





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